THE WIZARD

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Luther Burbank Intermediate School

THE WIZARD

Vol. V. Berkeley, Cal., December, 1919. No. 2

DEDICATION.

We, the pupils of the Burbank School, dedicate this book to Theodore Roosevelt, whose valour and honesty are an honor and an insipration to the American Nation.

VERNON MORTON.

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A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

It was a beautiful night with the moon sending down its beams through the window. The night was so lovely that it seemed a pity to waste it in bed. But nature had to be obeyed and by 10 o'clock Ruth was obliged to go to bed.

Everything was very quiet and still. But once in a while a rustle was heard and a flutter outside and around the house. It was two parent birds lost in the night. They had left home early in the morning to find something for their little birds at home. They returned with food at noon and then had departed to seek supper. All the birds and insects seem to be on strike. The parent birds knowing the little birdies at home were hungry flew far and wide searching for food. Darkness was upon them and they had not reached home yet. The mother bird was very anxious for her little ones but they could not get home that night. At last they decided to stay over night at the nearest house.

A rustle was heard in the room. It broke in through the silence of the room and made it seem ghost-like. "What was that," Ruth said to herself, "can it be gh——t?" She pulled the covers over her head as the rustling and fluttering continued. Then she took a tiny peep and asked himself if it could be a th——; and buried herself deeped down the covers. But she grew bolder and looked and saw the two little frightened birds flying around the room trying to get out into the open air again. But finally they settled down to rest and in the morning they were welcomed by a nestful of hungry birds.

RUTH TOMWYE B 9.

ARE THE NYMPHS DEAD?

It was a springtime morning when I loitered about the park of an old castle. Birds of varied colors and sizes sang their sweetest songs. Flowers of bright colors sweetly perfumed the air. There stood a group of blue violets, and lilacs, there a group of beautiful roses, and farther behind a grove of tall trees blossoming, shone the golden sun with all his splendor. Marble statues of the Greek gods were seen, and fountains of crystalline water ran over golden beds.

I was enraptured with the contemplation of that beautiful panorama of nature. As I turned, I saw a lake, which stood in a dark place in the wood. Snowy swans bathed in its pure, and fresh water. I went slowly toward the place. When I was near I thot I dreamed. In the center of the lake, among the astonished swans, stood a nymph. She was as beautiful as Venus. As she saw me, she came out from the water, and asked me if I would like to listen to her for a few moments. I told her that I would be the happiest of mortals to listen to her words. And so she began:

"You are very much surprised to see a nymph in this twentieth century! This generation thinks that we nymphs disappeared a very long time ago. You are mistaken, indeed! We are immortals! Just what has happened is that you have become too practical, and materialistic. You have neglected us. We are generous, thou. We are yet the friends of the little ones, and our joy consists in making them happy. So watch for me again."

I was about to throw myself at her feet to beg her pardon, and ask for a little more of happiness, but it was too late. She had run thro the woods, and vanished.

MERCEDES BOGRAN A 9.

THE BIRD MAN.

An Evening Spent in Knowledge and Laughter.

Wednesday evening, September 17, 1919, an entertainment was given at the Luther Burbank School, by Mr. Hutchins, "The Bird Man," which we all enjoyed very much, I am sure. He is called "The Bird Man," because he can imitate any kind of bird and can also draw their pictures in a very few minutes. He said he hoped he would have a very pleasant evening as a remembrance of the school, for that was to be the last evening he was going to speak to the school children on this coast. He was going East after speaking at the Oakland Technical High Friday morning, then East to teach the children there to be more careful of our little feathered friends.

He whistled the calls and songs of many birds; the canary, mocking-bird, mourning-dove, thrush, meadow-lark, humming-bird, and others. He also whistled the a-b-c's.

While he drew pictures of the birds, he whistled songs in the bird voice, to the accompaniment of the piano, played by Miss Wilson, who has assisted him while visiting the schools in Berkeley.

The songs he whistled were, "The Mocking Bird," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "Blue-Bird," and "Home Sweet Home."

The pictures he drew were the canary, humming-bird, Macaw parrot, and the carrier-pigeon that used to fly in the air in flocks, but now, has been distroyed altogether. His last picture was a beautiful blue-bird flying in the air, while below on the same sheet his little shack in the woods (as he called it) before he enlisted in the Army.

He said, and we surely must know, that it has taken him a long time to cultivate his voice the way he has, because he does not use a whistle or anything like that in his mouth. He used his hands and fingers while whistling "The Mocking-bird." He said it was not done down in his throat, but only with tongue and teeth.

Between the making of the pictures, he told us jokes to make us laugh, and some serious stories, too. The Boy Scout story, with its sad ending as to the little mother bird, and her nest of young ones will never be forgotten by those who heard him.

Before he left, he asked if we would promise to take more care of the birds, make little houses for them and fountains where they could drink. He asked that the boys wouldn't use their sling-shots as they have been doing, because the birds are our best friends, for they eat all the insects and bugs in our gardens.

I am sure we all enjoyed a very pleasant and instructive evening.

VIOLET FOSS A 9.

THE ROOM UPSTAIRS.

A little boy had a room that was decorated according to his own taste. A flag with thirteen stars hung on the wall, also the picture of the boy who had fought for that flag and had given his life for it. This boy always thought what a great honor it would be to fight for one's country and give his life.

While he was small there was no thought of war, but after he had entered college, war broke out and when the United States went into the war he was one of the first to enlist. For a long time he fought and was not hurt. Then one day he found himself in a hospital. Then he asked himself if it were hard to give one's life for his country, and

then in his mind's eye he saw the picture of the man who had fought for the same flag for which he was now dying and his question was answered.

IRENE JORGENSEN B 9.

THE LIVE STOCK SHOW.

There was a Live Stock Show held in San Francisco from November second to November eighth. It was an exhibit of the live stock, poultry, pigeons and rabbits, from the Pacific Coast States.

The cattle and other animals are all thoroughbred prize stock. I think the best exhibit was that of the Holstein-Fresian milch cows. The world's greatest milch cow, which is a Holstein, was at the show and is owned by Morse and Sons. It has a milking average of 10.6 gallons of milk a day for one year. At one time it gave twenty-nine and some odd pounds of butter in seven days. The name of this famous cow is Tilly Alcartra. It was born in 1909 and has been milking since 1911, and ever since then, has been increasing in its milk production. The son of this cow is King (Marco) Alcartra and I think he was the finest looking bull at the show. There were some cows from the Napa State Hospital farms which were also fine looking Holsteins.

The next best exhibit, I think, was that of the Jerseys. And here was also some of the best cows I ever saw or ever will see. The Jersey is a smaller animal than the Holstein and are not as famous milk producers according to quantity, but they are the most famous cows when it comes to producing rich milk. The Jersey bulls did not compare in size with the Holsteins. The Jerseys are in color a light yellowish-brown, and a sign by which one can always tell a Jersey is by the perfectly white ring around its nose. Of the young heifers exhibited at the show I think the Jerseys had the best.

But all this is only a small part of the exhibition, and all those who didn't go, missed something you will probably never have a chance to see again.

HENRY BURMEISTER A 9.

THE BOY SCOUTS' TRIP TO GOAT ISLAND.

The Scouts of Berkeley were told at their last meeting, which was Friday, the 29th of August, that they would be expected to go with all the troops of Berkeley to Goat Island the next Monday at 8 o'clock. This was to give the Scouts a chance to see the fleet. They were told to bring twenty-five cents and their lunch.

Monday morning the Scouts and also other boys who were going to join them were there. They bought their tickets from the head Scout Master of Berkeley, Mr. Hunt. They found their ship. It was a large freighting barge pulled by a large tug, which was attached to its side by means of heavy ropes. The Scouts all got in and the men put up gates so they wouldn't get out. The crew put on the ship several bundles containing life-preservers.

It took them an hour to get to the island. They sang songs and the band played on the way over. When they got there they marched out of the ship, starting with troop one, then troop two and so on till the last. They then marched up the path on the side of the island until they came to the place where they were to eat lunch.

This island is quite a large one, and is covered with trees and shrubbery. There are two wharves leading to the island. There is a large

concrete area where the sailors drill. There is a baseball diamond marked out on it, with a grandstand on one side. There are two buildings in front of the grounds. One of them is the "chow" hall; the other building is for indoor exercises, and the dentist is upstairs.

About the time the Scouts finished lunch the fleet began to come in. Each ship as it entered the Golden Gate fired a salute of sixteen guns. There were twelve battleships and four submarines; the rest of them were destroyers. The ships went as far as the right end if the island. Then they turned and went towards Berkeley. The destroyers did not follow the battleships. When the destroyers arrived at the right end of the island some of them turned to the right and went along the San Francisco coast and anchored; some of them turned to the left and anchored on one side of the island.

After that the Scouts went to the grandstand and heard some men talk about the Scouts of Berkeley.

The Scouts then sat down on the grandstand and watched the sailors, who were getting into ranks. The band with the sailors following marched down to one of the wharves, where a boat had just anchored. Then all of a sudden the Scouts heard a sound which made them jump. One of the cannons on the island fired a salute of seventeen shots. Then all the sailors marched back and stood in front of the "chow" hall. An automobile drove up and out of it got several officers and a man in plain clothes. The Scouts were allowed to stand in front of the sailors.

The commanding officer of the Naval Training Station of Goat Island stood up and introduced the man in plain clothes. It was the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Daniels. He spoke of the opportunities the sailors have of advancement. After his speech he went in one of the houses on the island.

After that the Scouts marched down to the wharf and got on their boat. They were on the island from eleven to four o'clock. The boat this time landed at the Berkeley wharf instead of Oakland.

They then marched off the wharf and went home, all glad they had gone.

HENRY L. WHIFFEN A 7'.

ROOSEVELT AN AMERICAN.

To my mind there is no better man. He believed in his country, loved his country, and was always ready to help his country or its people.

He never flinched while in a tight place but by tireless thinking and determined mind he sought relief.

His gift to his country was the Panama Canal. This canal, besides being of great advantage to ourselves, was appreciated by the whole world as a help in cutting down transportation time between Europe and the Pacific.

He taught us not only to think but to do; to rely upon ourselves; to speak softly, but to be ready to enforce our just demands.

JOHN HAVENS.

IN ANCIENT ROME.

It is said that once in ancient Rome a painting was placed by the statue of Titus. It was in the time when the great Roman Empire was in its splendor. Someone who had some Republican ideas in those early days painted it to make fun of the powerful, and picture the social conditions of that time. The painting represented the Pope giving his hand

to the Emperor, and both supported by a peasant who bore this inscription: "I support the two." On one side was a merchant bearing this inscription: "I steal from the three." On the other side was a lawyer with a third inscription. "I deceived the four." Behind was a physician with a fourth inscription: "I kill the five," and above all was a parish priest with this: "I absolve all of them." (From a Spanish newspaper.)

BENJAMIN BOGRAN A 9.

A DOGFISH.

This summer I was camping at Pacific Grove and on Sunday morning I went with my friend to the wharf at Monterey. We found quite a number of people there fishing. Soon we noticed there was an excitement at the end of the wharf so we went out there to see what it was.

A man had caught a very queer looking fish. Just its head was above the water as they had it on such a small hook and line that they could not land it. About 150 feet away was a rowboat, so they hailed the man who was in it and had him put another fishing line around the head of the fish. Then three or four men pulled until they had it upon the wharf.

The people standing around thought that it was a dogfish. It was from five to six feet long and about a foot thick. It had a large, flat face that looked something like that of a bulldog. Its body was of grayish-white color but its head was dark gray, and there was a broad stripe of black down the middle of the back. Everyone said they had never before seen a fish like it. So it was quite a curiosity to us all. I have never heard what they did with it.

LEOLA BISHOP B 8[2].

FROM MY WINDMILL.

From my windmill, which faces west, I glance and see a green ocean. Riding on it I see a boat at full sail. Then I look again and see the dead princess on Mt. Tamalpais. The mountains with their giant peaks rise high in the sky. In front of the monstrous mountains there is a big steamer riding at anchor. "Where is it going on its next trip," I think to myself, "and how was man ever able to make such things as that?" Then to the left, I see Goat Island and further on, the Golden Gate. As the sun is going down in the west, the light is so glaring that everything becomes indistinct.

ELLERTH WIGLUND.

THE GROCER'S SHOP.

The grocer's shop at Christmas! My! What a lovely sight! Apples polished so that one could see a freckle on the end of one's nose in their shiny surfaces.

What an assortment of nuts, walnuts, almonds, peanuts, hickory nuts! Why I could easily fill a page telling of the different kinds of nuts. Many a small boy's mouth waters as he looks at the striped candy sticks and cakes.

A very sweet fragrance reaches one's nose as one passes by, for many plum puddings, turkeys, and roasts are being cooked in the large ovens. Tiny Chinese lanterns hang all about giving the impression that here is the Orient itself.

I fear small boys will receive spankings for reaching home so late. When asked, their only explanation will be, "I have been looking in the grocer's window." Well, I can't blame them. I shall do the same for it is a beautiful sight, indeed!"

CARL BALLWANZ A 7[1].

ROOSEVELT AS A MAN.

Roosevelt was a man! How could one praise him more? He was a man in every sense of the word. His enemies admitted it; his friends boasted of it. Kings and princes came out of their way to see him and speak to him.

Who can enumerate his gifts to the world? I cannot. His greatest one was the Panama Canal. European powers had given it up. Roosevelt said, "Come on! Let's do it," and he did. That was his way in life. "Come on; let's do it," and it was done.

The whole world paid him honor and tribute and mourned when he died.

At his death he was buried on Sagamore Hill with simple but touching ceremony.

His sister commemorated the day of burial in a poem that ends:

"For one is gone, who shall not go, from Sagamore!"

PAUL BURNHAM A 7¹.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

Oh! but the sky is blue today! The grasses on the hillside are both green and gray. In the distance I can see where the oak tree grows. Beneath, amid the rich black soil, the acorns are spread in rows. Below the hill is a running brook, that gleams all through the day. Hear it gently murmur day and night, as slowly it pursues its way. Now that the summer has gone and the winter is nigh, the leaves are falling, and rustling in the wind, which will make the trees look bare, and the birds are getting ready to fly to the south, until the rainy season is over.

EDNA LANGE A 7¹.

AWAY FROM HOME.

Home is one of the sweetest words in any language. When we say "home," we think of mother, father, brothers, sisters, friends, and the things we like the best.

No matter if our home is not pretty, and comfortable, home always is the synonym of love, and comfort.

When we are going to take a long journey we little think of being away from home. We think of the new world, and new people we are going to meet, and how happy we are going to be. But later, when we find ourselves in a foreign country, where the people speak a different language, and have different customs, and even the meals are different from ours, then we begin to appreciate what home is for us. The first sad questions come to our mind—who is going to take the place of our mother; of father? Who is going to be our friend? These qeustions are followed by a long meditation, after which we find out that the places of mother, and father can be filled by no one, and we have to wait a very long time to find a friend. But after all we do not feel so miserable, and we hope that after a while we will get used to our new life, and we will not miss home any more. Unhappily it is not true! The days are long, the months interminable, and the years are eternities away from home!

And still worse is the situation when an illness comes! Instead of the smiling face of mother giving us comfort, the strange face of a nurse we see before our beds. Then the most bitter tears we shed.

Oh, sweet home of mine! I long for the day when I will be back in my beloved home!

MERCEDES BOGRAN A 9.

OUR LITTLE FEATHERED FRIENDS.

Some of us do not protect "Our Little Feathered Friends" as much as we should. Many of us do not realize what a lot of help they are to us. If all of the birds were to go away, and there were no birds on this earth, we would realize what a great deal of good they do. This world would be a very gloomy place. All of our beautiful flowers would be covered with bugs, and would blossom no more, and we would have no flowers to brighten things. The birds eat many, many million bugs a day, destroying them instead of allowing them to kill the plants.

We would also miss their singing, as they cheer us sometimes when we are sad. Besides singing to us, and eating the bugs that are in our gardens, they are beautiful to see. It is a very beautiful sight, to go out into the garden on a nice summer morning and see the beautiful bright colored birds, darting in and out among the flowers and trees. There is a small bird which is most commonly found in gardens. He is of a greenish color. The feathers of his throat are prolonged in a ruff, and he has a forked tail. He is seen in the garden taking food from the different flowers. He seems to hum as he flies. He is called the Humming Bird. He has a very long narrow bill. Another common bird is the Blue Bird. He is of an azure blue, with a reddish-brown back, his breast is a brick-red, his wings are blue with dark edging, and the lower parts are white. There are several other birds that we may recognize if we look for them.

Some boys kill birds for pleasure. But, I do not see any pleasure in killing poor, innocent, little creatures. They do not harm us, so why should we kill them? Some of the birds are troublesome, but they have "some good spots" in them as well as any other birds or one of us, for we are not perfect either.

LILLIAN GIESENHOFER B7.

CALIFORNIA, THE GOLDEN GATE.

California first attracted men who were seeking for new lands. When gold was discovered people flocked to California with fortunes before them. In 1850 California was admitted into the union as a state. Besides being next to the largest state in the Union it has a sunny climate, beautiful parks and lovely natural scenery. Tourists come from all parts of the country to enjoy its beautiful lakes, beaches, hills and climate.

An example of our climate is shown in the fact that strawberries may be had in the winter. It is sometimes hard for the farmers of the Middle West to believe that strawberries may be gathered from an outdoor patch of strawberries a week before Thanksgiving. Every month in the year is planting for some orchard or farm and every month is harvest for some crop.

There are no snow storms, water pipes never freeze, zero weather and blizzards never occur.

Through the Golden Gate may be seen the sun sinking slowly, casting its red and gold rays all around San Francisco Bay. Every day a different picture is painted as the "sun sinks in the golden west."

RUTH TOMWYE B9.

SUNSHINE.

In the morning the sun comes up over the hills sending forth beams of joy. Little by little they jump higher and higher in the air looking for gloomy houses in very lonely places. Oh, how the gloomy places burst into sunshine when the

sun finds them out! Gloom runs away and hides in the dark places, to escape from being burnt. Some linger and are killed.

Some morning you must rise early and look up at the sun as he comes over the hills. His rays are like great wide shafts of gold. This golden light is made out of seven different colors of the rainbow. If one of the colors should get lost there would be no white sunlight in the sunbeams. Let us then rejoice in the golden sunshine of California.

LEROY MERKLE A 7'.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

Laughter is a great gift which we all should possess. It is a gift which would make the world a much better place, if constantly used. If one laughs other persons laugh also. Laughing is sometimes called a contagious disease. One ought to be glad if one can catch it. The weeper does not find others to weep with him, but laughter is a different matter. There are always others to join in one's laugh.

Some people laugh the day through. Others fret and mourn, wondering how they are going to do the task set before them.

A light heart makes a light task. "Then laugh and the world laughs with you." Now the good old world must borrow its mirth, and it is well that we should be the lenders.

CARL BALLWANZA 7'.

REINCARNATION.

There was an old gentleman who kept an office on one of the busiest streets in his city. As the work was too hard for him alone, he engaged a youth by the name of Thomas Sloane, who was approaching his eighteenth birthday and thought himself very important.

When he started he was quick and always finished on time. But a few weeks later he received a book from a friend. He was not very fond of reading and his friends were surprised when he took such an interest in this book. He would not let anyone see it but always had it with him. In the office he would sit and dream for hours. He was getting very nervous, too. Anything his employer said humbled him. His employer took advantage of this and worked him over time, without extra pay. One day, he ordered him to clean up the office but Thomas rose and fixed his eyes on the old miser and said, "Do you know who I was? Well, I guess no King of Babylon would take such talk from a man like you!" His voice was stern and shaky, his eyes lit up with a strange light and he stood clapping his hands and saying, "Ah, those were the days! I can remember them so well!" Just then the friend who had given him the book came in. He looked surprised and turned to the astonished employer. Then they started laughing at poor Tom. When asked what ailed him he replied, "Why, you do not understand. I was once a great King of Babylon. I can just close my eyes and dream of my kingdom now. Everyone was some one years ago. Perhaps you were a cobbler," he said to his employer; and then to his friend, "you might have been my brother." Just then a book dropped on the floor. They all looked at it and the name of it was "Reincarnation." This is what he had been reading!

The employer laughed but Tom and his friend were serious. What do you think of it?

AYLENE BURNHAM B 9.

TRUE FRIENDS.

The other day the Berkeley Pound caught fire. The man who takes care of the dogs quickly jumped out of bed and ran over to the Pound and unlocked the doors and let all of the dogs and his horse out, so they would not be burned. To show how much the dogs appreciated his kindness after the fire was put out, all of the dogs except one came back to him. The missing dog returned with the horse. It has not been learned what started the fire.

LILLIAN GEISENHOFER B 7¹.

PICTURE FROM THE PAST.

Long ago the noonday sun looked down on a small party of travelers. They were toiling through the mountains of Southern California. They were led by a tall, dark man with a corslet of steel on his breast, a glittering sword by his side and a feathered plume in his hat. He was closely followed by two men bearing between them what looked like a flag of Spain. There was also a man in coarse, black robe and girdle. His head was bared to all the heat of the sun. He was leading a mule carrying a man whose white face and bowed head told of fever. The rest of the little party was made up of soldiers and mules carrying the baggage.

A soldier rode up to a tall man in the plain garb of the Franciscan monk, who limped painfully. Dismounting, the soldier said, "Father Serra, will you not ride this mule?" The man merely shook his head and passed on up the trail.

The noble-looking leader sharply questioned the Indian guide, who had been with them all the way, as to the distance yet to go. For reply the native held up his ten fingers and said, "Ugh!" The leader was Don Gaspar Da Portola, and the tall, limping, grey-haired monk was Father Junipera Serra.

PAUL BURNHAM A 7¹.

THE BIRD MAN.

"The Bird Man" is a very wonderful and interesting man. He can imitate the birds so well that you can imagine that the birds are beside you or up on the stage where he gives his program. "The Bird Man" came to our school the other night, and I will tell you some of the things he did for us.

He imitated the songs of several different kinds of birds. He also told us facts about them. The birds are very loving and they do all they can to help one another. He also told us several jokes and funny stories. He told us a very sad story about a mother bird and her little ones, and I will tell that story to you.

Some boy scouts and a scout master were camping on a certain island, and an island not far away caught on fire. The boys saw the fire and asked to go nearer to it. The scout master took them to the island. But the boys were not satisfied; they wanted to go right up close to the fire. The scout master said that he would take them there, if they would do exactly what he told them. It was very dangerous for them, because the trees were falling, and they might hit the boys and they would get killed. They went up as close to the fire as they dared to. A big tree fell very near them. As the boys were watching the fire, one of them noticed that a bird was flying around the tree, that had just fallen near them, in great excitement. He called the other boys' attention to the bird. Then they saw that the bird was flying around her little ones which

were in a nest in the tree that had just fallen. One of the boys, a very brave boy, said to the scout master, "I am going to help that poor little bird. In a few minutes her nest and little ones will be burned."

The scout master would not let him go because he said the boy's clothing would catch on fire, too. Sure enough, in a minute or two the flames had crawled up to the nest and was burning it. The mother bird flew down to her nest and spread her wings over her little ones, so they could live a few minutes more and that she might not live to remember what a cruel death they died.

LILLIAN GEISENHOFER B 7'.

A MONOLOGUE.

If the telephone had been used in Colonial times, Paul Revere, instead of making his spectacular ride to warn the farmers of Lexington, might have sent the news over the wire, such as the following:

"Hello? Give me—Hello? What's the matter with the line, Central? Give me—I want Concord 381—Concord three—eight—one. Yes, that's it. Is that you, Concord? This is Paul Revere. No—Revere, Boston. Well, never mind who I am. Just tell your folks that the British are landing here in Boston with a strong force. Yes, that's it. And ring up Lexington, will you, and tell them? Thank you. Good-bye!"

MARJORIE WAINWRIGHT B 8'.

THE TWO WALNUTS.

Once upon a time there were two little boys, who lived out in the country on a big ranch. Next to this ranch was a walnut ranch with ripe walnuts.

One day these little boys thought they would like some walnuts, so they got a sack and went over the fence to steal some.

When they got their sack full they thought it would be wise to divide them immediately. They picked out a shady spot, which was just inside of the cemetery. On crawling over the fence one boy dropped two walnuts on the outside. He said he would leave them there and get them as they went out.

Just then an old colored man came down the street. He thought he heard something, so he listened through a hole in the cemetery wall. He heard very distinctly the words, "I'll take this one, you take that one. I'll take this one, you take that one." The colored man was almost frightened to death, so he ran down the street as fast as he could until he met a while man whom he told, that he had heard the ghosts dividing up the dead in the cemetery.

The white man said, "Oh you're just dreaming, but anyway I'll go with you to find out." So they walked down to the cemetery together. The man listened—he heard also, "I'll take this one and you take that one. I'll take this one and you take that one." Just then the boys had finished dividing up the nuts, so one boy said, "Now we'll get those two on the other side of the fence." I noticed that the white man was beating the colored man in running away from the place.

MELVIN SCOTT B 9.

THE HALLOWE'EN VESTA DANCE.

On Hallowe'en, October 31, 1919, a dance was given by the Vesta Club at the Burbank Auditorium.

The hall was decorated very nicely with yellow and black crepe paper and with lanterns hanging down.

The club furnished very fine music and all enjoyed themselves.

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM.

The Christmas program of the Burbank School was held in the Assembly Hall on the afternoon of December 19th at one-thirty o'clock.

Parents and friends of the children were invited and twenty-five little children from the neighborhood were the honored guests of the students.

A delightful program consisting of Christmas carols, recitations and scenes from plays was given and we trust everyone had a pleasant afternoon.

If they enjoyed the program as much as the sticks of candy so greatly in evidence we know our efforts were crowned with success.

MRS. BROOKS' ENTERTAINMENT.

On November 20th, the attractive Mrs. Brooks visited our school. She possesses the charming gift of imitating children's voices and ways. She sings childish songs, with such a perfect infantile voice, that one without looking at her, may think the singer is a little girl of four years.

In her childish conversations, she beautifully expresses herself like a child; with all the enthusiasm, innocence, nonsense, and gesticulation proper to a child.

Mrs. Brooks' juvenile audience was heartily delighted, and she deserved great applause from every one.

THE HIGH NINTH PLAY.

On the evening of October twenty-third some of the pupils of the A Ninth class presented a clever Irish play, written by Lady Gregory, entitled "Spreading the News." The parts were very cleverly taken by the following pupils:

Bartley Fallon.....Henry Burmeister
Jack Smith.....Clemens Laufenberg
Mrs. Fallon.....Thelma Davis
Mrs. Tully.....Evelyn Klehm
Mrs. Tarpey.....Reeve Kocher
Mrs. Rya.....Nora Vilen
Mrs. Early.....Marie Brocco
Jo Muldoon, policeman.....
.....Willie Benning
English Magistrate.....John Ysunza

The scene is a grocer's shop in Ireland, kept by Mrs. Tarpey, who is rather deaf. Mr. and Mrs. Fallon enter. Bartley Fallon is rather meek and is continually talking of misfortunes. Jack Smith comes in singing, "The Red-haired Man's Wife." Jack Smith is also supposed to have hair of that bright hue. He is going to the Five Acre Meadow to do some work and goes out, leaving his hay fork. Bartley is sent after him with the fork and Mrs. Fallon also leaves after picking up her groceries that Bartley, in his haste had upset.

Mrs. Casey, whose tongue is continually wagging, tells Mrs. Tully, Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Early that Jack Smith and Bartley had quarreled and Bartley was chasing Jack with a hay fork. After a great deal of gossiping, in which a good quantity of imagination was employed, Mrs. Tarpey, being capable of misunderstanding everything, starts to wait, declaring that Bartley had killed Jack Smith with the hay fork. Mrs. Fallon is very indignant and very vigorously defends her nice, quiet, little man.

After Mrs. Fallon leaves, Bartley

comes in, with the hay fork, having missed Jack Smith. He asks all the gossipers to take the fork until Jack Smith should come for it. They all decline and accuse him of murder. Mrs. Ryan is exceedingly amusing in the above. The magistrate and police come in and Bartley is handcuffed upon the charge of the magistrate. Bartley is very bewildered and makes explanations that serve only to prove him to be the murderer. Mrs. Fallon comes and sees Bartley in handcuffs and is again indignant. Mrs. Tully then tells her that he killed Jack Smith because of a love affair with Kitty Keary, Jack Smith's wife. This, of course, is ridiculous.

While everybody is excited Jack Smith comes in whistling, unconscious of the fact that he is supposed to be dead. Amid exclamations Mrs. Fallon rushes up to him, accusing his wife of trying to take Bartley to America. Jack tries to assault Bartley but is stopped and also placed under arrest by the magistrate, who declares Jack's appearance to be a case of false impersonation. He then leads both of the suspects off the stage. Mrs. Fallon is still convinced of the innocence of her husband, but as usual Mrs. Tully has the last word.

REEVE KOCHER A 9.

RED CROSS WORK.

The girls of the sewing classes have given their efforts towards sewing for the Red Cross.

They made thirty-two bloomers, six dresses, two rompers, besides finishing the garments left from last term. They also made suits of underwear, kimonos, dresses, bloomers, aprons, children's dresses, smocks and skirts. Almost all the girls of the sewing classes have made one garment, if not more.

GEORGIA BROWNE A 8'.

BASKETBALL.

Basket ball is a fine game if it is played fairly and squarely. Each one must play his own part. Every time you ring the basket that counts two points. I am Captain of this term's team and select the ones who are to play in each game.

We have played many games now with different schools and also with different grades of our own school.

The games that we have played and the score follow:

1. Garfield: Two games. First, Garfield 8, Burbank 7; second, Garfield 10, Burbank 16.

2. A 7 Burbank: One game. A 7th 0, Burbank 10.

3. A 9 Burbank. One game. A 9th 4, Burbank 24.

4. Edison, two games. First, Edison 9, Burbank 13; second, Edison 11, Burbank 16.

As you see, we have won every game but one. One or the other has to win and the one that loses has no right to be angry about it. Our team is the first team of this school The boys have not won as many games as we have. We hope to keep up our good records.

The players in this game are three forwards, three guards and three or four centers. There are certain lines and whenever one goes over any of these lines it counts a foul against the team, so one must be very careful.

LUCILLE GRIFFIN A 8'.

AMERICANIZATION PROGRAM.

One of the most sucessful programs of the Burbank School was on Friday evening, November 21, 1919. It was an Americanization program in honor of forty-nine successful candidates for citizenship.

The exercises opened with selections from the Albany Italian Orchestra, which was followed by the Burbank Evening School Cosmopolitan Club Chorus, directed by Miss Mable Wilson.

Mr. D. L. Hennessey, American Director, and F. N. Littleton, U. S. Naturalization Examiner, examined men of fifteen nationalities to prove they were qualified to become American citizens.

A hearty welcome was given to the new citizens by Superintendent H. B. Wilson, and after many other interesting topics the program closed by singing "America," led by the principal, James T. Preston.

EULA SMITH A 9.

THE ROOSEVELT PROGRAM.

On October 27, 1919, the Burbank School gave a program in honor of Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States.

We sang songs and then Miss Concannon told us in a very interesting manner, facts in the life of Roosevelt. Miss Concannon told us of his poor health in his younger days, and how he became a cowboy to regain his health. We were told of an incident in Egypt where Roosevelt told some of the learned and educated native men about subjects which were in the ancient books of Egyptian history, he having once read copies of them in Paris.

Many other interesting incidents were told us, and we all enjoyed the talk.

HENRY BURMEISTER A 9.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra is very beautiful if we were to put all the parts together. That is what we are now preparing to do. Then we will soon compete with the band. The orchestra is composed of violins, clarinets, cornet, piano, bass and snare drums. Most of them are instruments that need great work to play them and they are very hard to learn to play. Our conductor is Mr. Ruddigh. He teaches orchestras of other schools also. The violins in the orchestra carry the finer part. The more violins there are the better. The cornets and clarinets make the music sound better. The drums beat in the first of every measure. We are getting along very well on our instruments so that we hope soon we may play for the school.

PALMIRA BORDOLI.

THE BURBANK BAND.

The Burbank Band is getting larger every term. There are ten instruments in the band. All the boys can play their instruments now. The instruments in the band are: Two cornets, three clarinets, one tuber, one baritone, one slide trombone, one melophone, and two drums.

Our leader is Mr. Morton. He plays the cornet. We hope to have a larger band by next term. We have played before an audience, and in about a month we will give a concert far better than any we have given.

A Cornet

A cornet is not an easy instrument to play. It is about the hardest in the band. The cornet can be used also in an orchestra. We are lucky to have all of our band with us at least another year, and by that time many more will have joined.

THE BURBANK ORCHESTRA.

Students of Burbank!!! Why not accept the opportunity presented? Instructions are given on the different musical instruments by our most efficient instructor, Mr. Ruddick. The orchestra at the present time consists of the following: Piano, violin, cornet, clarinets, bass and snare drums and—last but not least, the piccolo.

Every Monday, during the eighth period, the orchestra meets in the auditorium of the school for a rehearsal. Bring your instruments and develop your talent. Burbank must lead in the musical campaign of 1920!

Now is the time for this generation to become interested in the art of music; which expresses the keynote of harmony and happiness, and gives a finer texture to the mind.

THELMA HOOVER A 8¹.

THE EIGHTH GRADE PLAY.

On Friday, November 14th, a very enjoyable afternoon was spent by the faculty and students of the Burbank school.

The program was given by the A Eighth grade. It consisted of a clever little play given by the girls.

The name of the play was "The Girls of Glen Willow."

The cast was as follows:

Lillie White.....Lucille Griffin
Carlotta.....Gertrude Stensland
Marjorie.....May Wainwright
Peggy.....Thelma Hoover
Lelia.....Georgia Brown
Molly.....Pauline Kemp
Miss Brown.....Karen Niemenen

The play was very well done and I am sure we all enjoyed it thoroughly.

MYRTLE BURT A 9.

THANKSGIVING PROGRAM.

The Thanksgiving program was given the day before Thanksgiving, on the 26th of November.

It consisted of songs by the various grades, President Wilson's proclamation of Thanksgiving by Evelyn Klehm of the A 9 and a history of Thanksgiving by Pauline Kemp of the A 8¹. From the A 7—"Thanksgiving Dinner" by Edward Ysunze and "Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pies" by Ida Minster of the B 7. Mr. Shallenberger told a short story and a few facts to show why the teachers were thankful. A play "Thanksgiving Day" was given as the last feature on the program.

Henry Burmeister, our school president, conducted the program.

KARIN NIEMINEN A 8¹.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The Drawing Department sent a box of "Christmas Cheer" to the convalescent soldiers at Ft. Sheridan, Illinois. This was in answer to a call sent out by Miss Malone, a former Berkeley teacher, but now working at the hospital. The box contained forty-five beautiful Christmas cards, designed and made by the pupils of the High Eighth and of the Ninth Grades, and also eleven cut-up picture puzzles prepared by the B Eighth Grade.

Hotel clerk: "I suppose you want a room with a bath?"

Ezra Hayseed: "By heck! This is Saturday night ain't it?"

Small Willie at table on Thanksgiving day: "I th-think you mi-might have told me we were go-going to have pie! But n-now it's too late."

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO BERKELEY.

Crowds were in the city,
In good old Berkeley town
On the eighteenth of September
When our President came around.

How they shouted; what rejoicing
People racing up and down
Oh! and how the people cheered him
When our President came to town.

First to the Theatre Greek;
University students, places found.
They were the only one's admitted
When our President came to town.

Next to the California field
The boys and girls and people went.
And stayed from two o'clock till five
To see the President.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

O, Christmas Tree so bright and green,
In many homes you have been seen,
With your tinsel gold and popcorn white,
O, but you are a pretty sight.

You bring happiness to homes each year,
O, Christmas Tree you are so dear,
That when we look at you we say,
O, I wish Christmas was everyday.

HELEN CURLEY A 7[1].

IN THE DAYS TO COME

In days to come,
The air will hum,
With noise of aero-navigation;
How quickly I
To the sky will fly,
To dodge H. C. L. aggravation.

MANUEL A. BETTENCOURT JR.
B 8[3].

CHRISTMAS TIME.

I.

Christmas time is drawing near
Santa Claus will soon be here
Bringing to each girl and boy
A candy cane and shining toy.

II.

Fathers and mothers are not forgotten
For on the hearth there hang their stockings.
Santa Claus will surely bring
Enough to fill them to the brim.

III.

Children all enjoy their toys.
Santa loves all girls and boys,
For he is a jolly old dear
Bid him farewell with a Happy New Year.

IRENE DE COSTA A 7[1].

SANTA'S COMING.

Santa's coming, children dear,
To every home tho far or near,
Bringing toys for you and me
To hang up on our Christmas tree.

He comes from Joyland, to us here
So hasten, children, never fear,
On Christmas eve he ever comes,
With dolls and buggies and big bass drums.

ROSE VALLE A 7[1].

A LONE STAR.

Said, a lone little star way up in the sky
"My, I am lonesome up here so high.
I have no home like the people below
I have to roam wherever I go.
And oh, how happy I would be
If I had a wee house the size for me,
With a flame to warm me when I'm cold
And the clouds to carry me when I'm old."

KATHRYN THIENGER A 7[1].

A BERKELEY LAD.

There lived a lad in Berkeley Town,
A manly lad was he.
When Belgium was trampled down,
He joined the French Armee.

He fought the fight, he kept the faith,
True to his country's creed.
He grabbed a gun and took his place,
To fight the German's greed.

Back he came with the Croix de Guerre,
To the old house 'neath the tree.
And found his sisters knitting there,
Socks to send o'er the sea.

PAUL BURNHAM A 7¹.

A CHRISTMAS POEM

I.

"A merry, merry Christmas,"
The little children say.
We wish you all a happy time
Upon this Christmas day.

II.

Just try to help each other;
Do all you can for mother;
Then Christmas will be merry
And your hearts be light and gay.

SARA HAVENS.

I.

See as the night gently falls,
The witches come from their dingy halls.
They ride on broomsticks, and have black cats,
And these drowsy old witches wear great high hats.
And as they come, they mutter low,
"We'll nibble his nose and bite his toe,"
But lo! as the morning light draws near,
The witches all hasten to disappear.

ROSE VALLE A 7¹.

THINK IT OVER.

Weep and you're called a baby,
Laugh and you're called a fool.
Yield and you're called a coward,
Stand and you're called a mule.
Smile and they'll call you silly,
Frown and they'l call you gruff.
Put on a front like a millionaire,
And some guy calls your bluff.

RE-PRINTED.

OUR BABY.

Our baby is fat and round,
She's the dearest child ever found.
Sometimes she cries when the water's too cold,
But otherwise she's as good as gold.
We all love her dearly because she's so sweet,
Every one of us from her head to her feet.
You can't help loving her she's so dear,
She makes everyone happy when she's here.

KATHRYN THIENGER A 7¹.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Christmas is coming
So for me there is no bumming.
And Ma says to Pa, "Now can you see
How good a boy can be?"
But Pa looks wise,
And says he knows
When he was our size,
Around Christmas time he told no lies;
He washed the dishes,
Cleaned the fishes,
Scrubbed the floor
And my! how he polished the door!
He ran errands for Ma,
And bought a pipe for Pa.
And for him there was no bumming
Because he knew Christmas was coming.

JACK WARD A 7¹.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

Thanksgiving day at last is near
The time of joy of all the year,
The turkey will be roasted brown
In almost every house in town.

The turkey you are going to eat
Was fattened up on corn and wheat,
He lived in state upon a farm
And there he might have done no harm.

But soon there came a day without cheer
For him the time of death was near,
Then he was sent afar to be sold
To people young and people old.

The price you know is very high,
But even so we do not sigh,
Thanksgiving comes but once a year,
Then turkey surely must appear.

LAURA PIZZANO B 8[2].

FOR SANTA IS STUCK IN THE SNOW.

I.

Better be going, you people, and run
Santa is fast in the snow.
He has been there since the set of the sun.
An his plight worries him so,
Dapple Dawn, frightened at horses of steel,
Turned the sleigh over and crippled his heel,
And Santa is fast in the snow.

II.

Better be going and I'll go ahead;
Guiding you all the way,
Christmas is coming,
There is so much on hand—
There is no time for delay,
Santa Claus surely is needing your skill,
Run altogether and run with a will
For Santa is stuck in the snow.

SARAH HAVENS.

SANTA AND HIS REINDEER.

Come little people and listen here,
While I tell you of Santa and his reindeer,
How he comes flying down to the snowy ground,
In the dead of the night when there's not a sound,
And in a great big book, on his library shelf,
There's the names of boys and girls like yourself,
But for each bad deed that is done,
From his list of presents he strikes off one,
So look out for the things you do and say,
If you want Santa to come on Christmas day.

VIOLET ATCHINSON B 7[1].

WINDS BLOW SANTA BACK.

Little children always know
That old Santa comes to them.
When the cold, cold winds do blow
They bring old Santa back again.

Pretty dolls he brings to me
Brother gets a big, red, sled.
Lots of other things we see
When we tumble out of bed.

Mother gets a dress of blue
Sister gets a diamond ring,
Daddy gets a thing or two,
Christmas is come, now let us sing.

VIOLA FIEFIELD B 7[1].

Labor for learning before you grow old;
For learning is better than silver and gold,
Riches and glories may both fade away,
But a good education will never decay.

PERRINA ARROBBIO B 8[2].

A 9 CLASS.

A is for Arthur
The boy with a grin.
B is for Ben,
He is always so prim.
C is for Clemens
Who "mumbles his words."
E is for Evelyn
Who sings like the birds.
F is for Fun
Which we all enjoy.
G is for Goodness
For each girl and boy.
H is for Henry
Who is bright as the sun.
I is for Idleness
Which we all shun.
J is for James
Who does ever his best.
K is for Katherine
Who never does jest.
L is for Lilian
Famed far for her blush.
M is for Marie
Who's always in a rush.
N is for Nora
Who is Irish as can be.
O is for Orderliness
With which we don't agree
P is for Patience
Which we must not try.
Q is for Questions
Over which we sigh.
R is for Reeve
Who believes in uplift
S is for Stamps
Which betoken our thrift.
T is for Thelma
Whose true love is Bill-ee.
U is for Eula
Who protests being silly.
V is for Violet
Who'se password's "I'll say so."
W is for Willie
Always ready to go.
X is for Exes
Which we all abhor,
Y is for Youth
Which we all adore
Z is for Zeal
With which we end our ordeal.
And if you've read to the end
For you sorrow we feel.

A 9 GIRLS.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

"I'm glad that I am not today
A chicken or a goose,
Or any other sort of bird
That is of any use.

I'd rather be a little girl
Although it's very true,
The things I do not like at all
I'm often made to do.

I'd rather eat some turkey, than
To be one, thick and fat,
And so, with all my heart today,
I'll thankful be for that."

THERESE NELSON B 8².

JUNE

The violets bloom in the month of June.
And daisies brighten the way
While the fairies play their merry tune
For gone is the month of May.

The roses now wake from out their sleep
And smile to us and say,
Oh! watch us from the green buds peep
And think us fair, we pray.

IRENE DE COSTA A7¹.

A POEM

I.

I'd like to make my Christmas wish,
Both up to date and clever,
For old time friends and wishes,
Bring old time joy forever.

II.

I hope you will get lots of Christmas wishes,

And many, many, joyful kisses,
But don't forget your old time friends,
And Christmas wishes to them send.

LEILA FLEMING.

"JOSHES."

John: "Mr. Shallenberger, could you enjoy rabbit if stewed?"

Arthur: "Well, who wants to get that way to eat rabbit."

Eula: "Cupid sure is a good marksman."

Reeve: "I don't think so, for he is always making 'Mrs.'"

Mr. Preston: "Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Boy: ' "Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

CUTTING IT SHORT.

"Don't be so long winded in your reports as you have been in the past," said the manager of the "Wild West" railway to his overseer. "Just report the condition of the track as you find it, and don't put in a lot of needless words that aren't to the point. Write a business letter, not a love letter."

A few days later the railway line was badly flooded, and the overseer wrote his report to the manager in one line:

"Sir—Where the railway was the river is. Yours faithfully, ——."

VICTIM OF ENVIRONMENT.

"Jack told me he loved me, but I don't know whether to marry him or not."

"Don't you think he tells the truth?"

"I've no doubt the dear boy tries to, but you see he works in a Weather Bureau."

1. What is that which occurred once a minute, twice a moment and never once a hundred years?
2. Why is the most discontented man most easily satisfied?
3. Why is the leter B like fire?
4. Why are corns and potatoes like idols?
5. When is a country like a baby?
6. Give a word that has five letters when you take away two there is one left.
7. Why are the hours from one to twelve like good Christians?
8. Why do we use sewing machines so often in war-time?

See answers on next page.

HIS POTATOES.

Mike: "Say, Pat, how did your potatoes turn out?"

Pat: "They didn't turn out at all. I dug 'em out."

A FUNNY ROAD

Stranger: "Where does this road go?"

Old Timer: "It doesn't go anywhere, it stays where it is."

A father had instructed his inquisitive, talkative boy always to think three times before speaking once.

Later the little boy was sitting on a stool beside the fireplace. His father came in and stood with his back to the fire.

Boy: "Father, I think—"

Father: "That is right my son."

Boy: "Father, I think—"

Father: "That is right my son, but what is the subject of your thoughts?"

Boy: "Father, I think your coat-tail is on fire!"

Father: "You little rascal, why didn't you tell me that before?"

IN HISTORY CLASS

Miss Martin: "Which periods in world history are particularly famous for their art?"

James: "The Hellenic period in Athens and the period of the Renaissance."

Clemens: "He left one out, the present period."

Miss Martin: "Henry, for what are these three periods especially noted?"

Henry: "The Hellenic period for sculpture, the period of the Renaissance for picture painting, and the present period—why, for face painting."

VERY PUZZLING

Once while a doctor was passing a wounded soldier's bed, he said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, answer me this question," replied the soldier.

"Fire ahead," said the doctor.

"Well, does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants the doctor to doctor him, or does the doctor doctor the doctor the way the doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor the doctor?"

HOW DO YOU SPELL IT?

Peter: "There is something wrong with my trial balance."

Mr. McCarthy: "Well, I should say so. The trouble lies in your cents (sense)."

---

1. The letter M.
2. Because "nothing" will satisfy him.
3. Because it makes oil boil.
4. It has "eyes" and couldn't see and "ears" that could hear.
5. When she is in "arms".
6. Alone.
7. They are on the "watch".
8. To "hem" in the enemies.

FAVORITE SONGS

Eula Smith: "When You Look in the Heart of a Rose."

Helen Himberg: "Patches."

Alice Frederickson: "Under Your Silken Veil."

Edna Waaland: "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."

Mercedes Bogran: "Wonderful Pat."

Agnes Peterson: "Lullaby Blues."

Vera Fiefield: "Lonesome."

Marie Brocco: "I'll Say She Does."

Evelyn Klehm: "'N Everything."

Lillian Attfield: "Tulip Time."

Violet Foss: "Oh La La Wee Wee."

Katherine Nixon: "Come On Papa."

Nora Vilex: "Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land."

Rosa Alameda: "Alcoholic Blues."

Thelma Davis: "When the Preacher Makes You Mine."

SIMPLE TRUTHS.

"He that sitteth on a tack! riseth again."

"He that sitteth on glue! sitteth awhile."

"He that poureth out his heart! is heartless."

"He that goeth out in the rain! getteth wet."

LOTS OF ROOM AT THE TOP.

Professor to Mrs. Davis: "Your daughter, Thelma, seems to be a general favorite; where was she educated?"

Mrs. Davis: "Everywhere—except in the head."

OLD MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

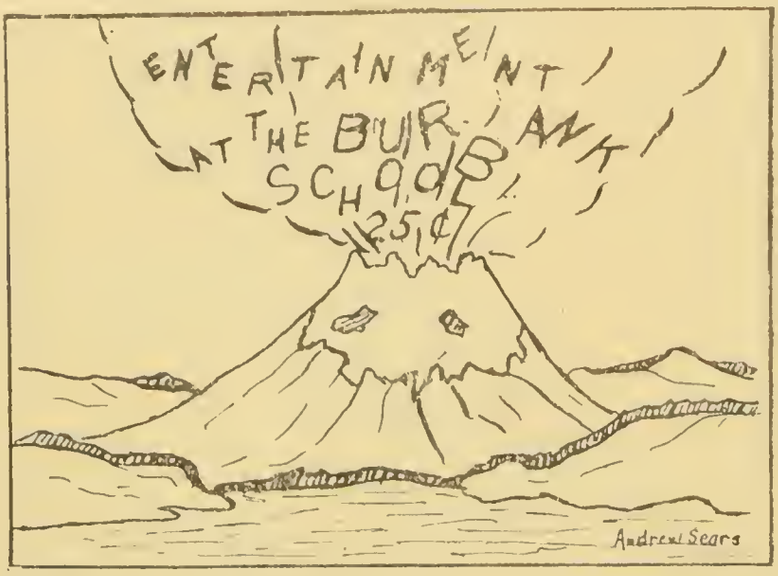
"Why is it," Kathryn asked Reene, "that you fat girls are always good natured?"

"We have to be," answered Kathryn. "You see, we can neither fight nor run."

Miss Gilbert (drawing two parallel lines on the blackboard): "What relation are these lines to each other?"

Manuel: "Twins!"

ORIGINAL POSTERS MADE BY THE PUPILS TO ADVERTISE A SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT



GOSSIP!
"SPREADING THE NEWS"
BURBANK SCHOOL
OCT. 23 AD. 25¢
K. Nieminen

The Sun's About To
Set, And its Thinking
Of The Best Entertainment
In The West.
Burbank School – Oct. 23, 1919. Admission 25 Cents.
T. Gustafson

"SPREADING THE NEWS"
AT BURBANK SCHOOL
OCT 23, 1919. ADMISSION 25¢

At The
BURBANK SCHOOL
Friday Oct. 23, 1919.
Dancing Admission 25¢
G. Stensland

Entertainment
"Spreading The News"
Burbank School
October 23, 1919.
Edith Smith

ORIGINAL POSTERS MADE BY THE PUPILS TO ADVERTISE A SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT